

THE MINORITY OF ONE

Independent Monthly Publication, Dedicated to the Elimination of All Thought Restrictions Except for the Truth

"There was truth and there was untruth, and if you clung to the truth even against the whole world, you were not mad."—GEORGE ORWELL

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For a Fact-Finding Agency

To End the Policy of Lying

Lying in international affairs has become more than a propagandistic device; often it constitutes policy itself. Certain international moves could not and would not be undertaken by one government or another were it not for their reliance on lying as a substitute for fact. The truth of this assertion was well illustrated by the recent RB-47 incident. Obviously, in their official accounts of the event, either the American or the Soviet government was lying. If the RB-47 was shot down while on a spying mission, then the American Government lied in maintaining it was merely on a mapping flight. If, on the other hand, the incident involved a peaceful mission over international waters, the Soviet Government's charges were lies.

More important than establishing the truthfulness and trustworthiness of the respective governments is recognizing that the one guilty of distortion would not have acted as it did were it not for a reliance on the lie as a diplomatic means. Assuming that the RB-47 bomber was on a spy mission, it is probable that only the American Government's reliance on its ability to conceal the facts would have allowed such a mission in the wake of the international furor over the U-2 case. If, on the other hand, no penetration of Soviet territory occurred, unfounded Soviet charges were probably raised because of their reliance on the impossibility of a completely authoritative refutation of international lies. If governments could be deprived of the possibility of getting away with such lies, many international incidents would be prevented.

Governments that have turned lying into a political as well as a propagandistic tool know that the acceptance of their version of a particular situation by public opinion only rarely depends on its truthfulness or falseness. In the face of contradictory contentions people are deprived of any opportunity to verify facts, and their atti-

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"We are getting pretty good at these air raid drills!"



"I'll bet if there was a war ..."



"We'd be all right!"



"Yep!"
—By J. Gluhman.

The Contest of Arrogance

As soon as Adlai E. Stevenson and Hubert H. Humphrey dropped out of the presidential contest, the election campaign narrowed down strictly, precisely and exclusively to a mere struggle between the "ins" and the "outs" of power.

Yet, one extremely important political process has been taking place in this presidential campaign that might truly affect the fate of mankind: a general, sweeping and bi-partisan switch to a still more extreme negativism and obstructionism in American foreign policies. The ghost of McCarthy still seems to be haunting the American political scene, and out of the sheer fear of being accused of "softness on communism," the presidential and vice-presidential candidates of both parties are attempting to outbid each other in international arrogance. Following a strange, psychopathic logic, American politicians from "left" to right felt compelled, in the wake of the Summit Conference fiasco and the U-2 scandal, to deliver highly vocal anti-Khrushchev protestations.

Of course, the added emphasis on perpetuating the cold war is to a very significant degree economically inspired; witness the bi-partisan advocacies of increased military spending. So sweeping is the change that not only are no alternative foreign policies being offered to the electorate, but on its fringes the strangest bed fellows are united in an unholy communion. President Eisenhower, who stubbornly clung to his defense budget, suddenly feels compelled to follow the current and considers boosting defense outlays. Adlai Stevenson's unequivocal support of Senator John F. Kennedy arouses uncomfortable suspicions as to his continued fidelity to principles of international policy that endeared him far beyond the American continent. The strongly indicated "deal," whereby Stevenson might become the Secretary of State under a Democratic Administration, must suddenly be viewed with skepticism and apprehensions; would he execute the long advocated Stevensonian foreign policy reappraisals, or would he serve Kennedy's and the Democratic platform's commitment to still more arms and a "position of strength"?

Within this context, Senator John J. Sparkman's pronouncements in Formosa and elsewhere that America's foreign policy would not be changed by a Democratic president may betray more than the Senator's wishful thinking; it may be a knowledgeable

disclosure of an influential Democratic politician who also happens to be a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Some of the Democrats' and Republicans' cold war arrogance may be attributed to the peculiarities of electioneering vocabulary. However, Stevenson's a m i a b l e and unreserved cuddling up with Kennedy suffices to make one despair of even the softest voices of sanity that have been heard in our political arena.

One can only wish that this is not a matter of a man's political survival at the expense of his principles; that the disappointing transformation will prove to have been a temporary campaign expedient; that compliant "patriotism" will not silence a genuine voice that once wanted to "talk sense to the American people."

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Whose Chaos In The Congo?

By Ann Morrissett

Most newspaper reports on the Congo disturbances have stressed that its "primitive" people were not "ready" for freedom.

The truth is that no oppressed groups are ever really ready for their freedom. To the extent that they have been exploited, to that extent they have been made unfit and will remain so until the exploitation ceases. Yet, in essence, the colonialist's argument is that the oppressor should "therefore" stay longer to alleviate the effects of his oppression. This is comparable to a Southern "liberal's" argument that Negroes should not attend integrated schools until they are "sufficiently" educated. It is a vicious circle that can be broken only by discontinuing segregation, exploitation, and colonialism themselves.

The "chaos of the Congo" is commensurate to the degree of separation and exploitation—forms of chaos—which have been fostered by the Belgian colonialists. The responsibility for the regrettable bitterness, hatreds, fears, misunderstandings and violence belongs to the Congolese as well as to the Belgians, both having displayed much of primitiveness. For if the African is primitive because he burns or rapes what and whom he considers his enemy (a time-honored practice among non-Africans), is the white man less primitive in having exploited and then, promising to leave and not doing so, turns a gun on the Africans? Are peoples really "civilized" who pursue a scorched-earth policy when they are forced—or reluctantly agree—to leave a land they have occupied and drawn wealth from? Yet, the French in effect did this in leaving Guinea, and are doing it in Algeria, while the Belgians are displaying equal "ingenuity" in the Congo.

The surprise action of the Belgian government in "giving" the Congo what is every people's birthright—self-determination—could have indicated a true change of heart if the Belgians had at the same time worked with the Congolese to bring forth local leaders to assist in planning and executing the transition. Such a program might have been agreed upon with African leaders, and its execution, before and after independence, could have been left to African and UN personnel.

The trouble with the Belgian departure was not that it came too soon, but that it came too late. Now, the Belgians do not seem to consider that for every day their troops remain in the Congo, they make one more murder or rape likely by the mere irritant of their presence. Such atrocities are not a reflection of some innate African inclination—they are part of war itself, which the non-Africans have not yet been known to reject.

As to other aspects of "primitiveness", a word so often associated with Africa, one must reflect that a person is sophisticated only in regard to the things he knows. The story of the Congolese who asked whether freedom is something he could get in a bank, and would it come wrapped, has been widely reported in our condescending press. This story, however, is a commentary on the long "civilizing mission" of the Belgians rather than on the Congolese. Civilization is primarily a matter of exposure to knowledge. Even the cultivated British were first barbarians who mimicked and eventually helped overrun (by mimicking too well) the high Roman civilization. And the Romans themselves were none too schooled in Aristotle when they first cast a covetous eye on the Greeks. The point is that Africans (and human beings generally) who have been exposed to techniques which can increase productivity and broaden horizons are usually eager to learn—except when these blessings are forced upon them or used under their noses while the resulting benefits are denied to them.

Robert Hutchins in writing about education once noted that we are all only one generation removed from barbarism. He might have said one moment removed, since at any moment we convince ourselves that an individual or group should be put outside the pale, our "civilization" drops away from us and our mentality is no more mature than that of barbarians.

Whatever the Belgians may have taught the Congolese in all these decades—and apparently it was not a great deal—let us hope they (and all of us) are now learning at least this one biblical lesson: "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

THE WAY WE SEE IT

THE "INSPIRATION"

As if at a given signal, the month of July saw many branches of our economy, supposedly controlled by anti-trust laws, perform an amazingly coordinated jump up the price spiral. The prices of hundreds of consumer items and services, including food, gasoline, even bank charges, and what not, sky rocketed practically overnight. What has caused this "spontaneous" wave at a time the economy is whispered about as not being at its full strength?

It seems the inspiration was provided by nothing but presidential election uncertainties. The Democratic platform chose to concern itself with matters of the ratio of national growth with all the inherent implication of the dreaded "inflationary" financing. Both the Democratic and Republican platforms and candidates are engaged in a competition of who can "promise" the production of still more arms, with all the implications of total imbalance between spending on the arms industry and constructive capital investment. It seems the only people who need not be concerned with possible economic repercussions should one "party" win or the other are the stockholders in defense corporations. How much of the platforms' and the candidates' avowals is strictly electioneering bait is anyone's guess. A bird in the hand is, however, better than two in the bush, and, therefore, the business magnates felt "inspired" to strip the pockets of the consumer public before the economic policies of the next Administration clearly emerge.

The only surprising thing is that, since a pre-election period has proved to be such a golden opportunity to the usurers' department in our *Who's Who*, our Constitution is not being amended so that a President is elected every few months . . .

THE INNOCENT SHEEP

When you look at the fateful international and domestic issues of our time and contrast them with the "differences" represented by the two presidential and vice-presidential candidate teams, you are bound to conclude, as we concluded on a prior occasion (see "Our Two-Party System and Democracy", January 1960 issue), that who cannot be included on the ballot bespeaks our political system more than who can.

The most fateful issue to the world and to the American people is that of peace. Yet, the voter in the ballot booth will not be given the opportunity to choose between alternative philosophies and policies. His sole choice will be between Cold Warrior Nixon and Cold Warrior Kennedy. As if their own aversion to international negotiations in good faith were not sufficient, both are amply "reinforced" by aspiring seconds-in-command who share their aversion. Henry Cabot Lodge, in his capacity as the head of the American delegation to the United Nations, has provided innumerable performances qualifying him among the world's masters of perfidy, specializing in talking peace while dreading it like an epidemic. His competitor Lyndon Johnson only recently provided one of his "best"

performances in inspiring the Administration's entire propaganda machinery with his ingenious invention that Castro's Cuba might (soon converted to "does") lease a submarine base to the Soviets.

There are, of course, many other international as well as domestic problems that should, but do not, invite controversial presentations and advocacies by our power aspirants.

The tragic joke is that the sheep who will be herded into the ballot booths in November will believe they are deciding the destinies of the world and America. As if they will be deciding anything . . .



"Fear not!" I'll save you from the lurking commies, critics and beatniks!"

The Policy of Lying (Continued from Page 1)

tude is shaped by their personal political prejudice. The factual predicament in which the American Administration found itself following the U-2 affair was less embarrassing than the fact that its compulsory confession pulled the rug out from under those whose political prejudice causes them to embrace any Washington theory, no matter how flimsy and unbelievable.

Many international incidents potentially have borne the same, if not a greater, degree of embarrassment for one government or another and if, nevertheless, it saved face, it was only because no circumstances had unequivocally compromised its propagandistic thesis. Hence governments feel pretty safe in planning a course of action that could not be undertaken openly and admittedly when they can count on concealing the facts. Many international developments would have taken a different course if lying as an international political tool were impossible.

Soviet opposition to an "impartial" investigation of the RB-47 incident may have been due to a number of reasons. If the American version of the incident was correct, Soviet reluctance was self-explanatory. Still it is equally, or more, believ-

able that Soviet opposition was due either to a distrust of the investigating authority that would be set up by a biased majority of the Security Council, or because, while technically speaking the plane was shot down over international waters, it was, nonetheless, on a militarily provocative mission against the Soviet Union. Whichever the reason, the debate in the Security Council dramatized the ineffectiveness of dealing politically with problems in the absence of an authoritative fact-finding agency.

This points to the paramount need for some international body, quite without judicial or political function, merely to establish facts. Such an agency, existing with advanced and general international endorsement, would ensure the world that nationally distorted versions of events would eventually be compromised. Such compromise might have far-reaching domestic and international repercussions. Not just the electorate might hold the government responsible. Indeed, so far-reaching would the consequences of such embarrassments be that a deterrent could emerge not only against misleading information but also against whatever acts such distortions might be serving.

Since the use of lies as a political means has become one of the most significant techniques of the cold war, no one may count on the enthusiasm of the participants for a plan that would deprive them of their armor. Still, the refusal to cooperate in setting up an international fact-finding body may carry a stigma sufficient to outweigh governments' reluctance.

The creation of an international fact-finding body could grow out of the same cooperation that established the Secretary-General of the United Nations. If the major antagonists could agree on one individual, they might be able to agree on another individual to serve as the head of such an international organization.

Yet, the new agency would have to be independent of the United Nations and its Secretary-General. The latter are diplomatic missions whose very fate depends on their ability to maintain an equilibrium in their relations with the permanent members of the Security Council. To maintain such equilibrium, political and moral compromise is necessary. The new agency, on the other hand, while deprived of all authority to rectify situations or even to suggest remedial steps, would have to scrupulously adhere to facts whatever the political consequences. Its relation with the United Nations would, therefore, have

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The New York Post *CAPITAL TIMES* *Morning Tribune* *The New York Times* **The "Neutrality" of News Reporting** *The Washington Post* *SCIENCE* *MONITOR* *The New York Times*

With respect to news reporting the American press subscribes to the only philosophy that is truly consistent with freedom of the press: moral neutrality. In its function of informing the reader it insists on not being held morally responsible for the quality of the events it brings to public attention. When a newspaper carries a certain news dispatch it should not be construed as an endorsement. Theoretically, the press' only ambition in this respect is to be accurate. An article, and certainly an editorial, is admittedly and purportedly an opinionated vehicle; news, however, is claimed to be published "as it comes."

Some newspapers, like *The New York Times* and the host of papers that imitate it, have carried this moral "neutrality" of news reporting to such lengths that they abstain from editorial interference through news dispatch display, type face and even page number. All news dispatches are technically arranged in one way and there is no technical focus or emphasis. Most news dispatches begin on the first page and, to accommodate more of them, are continued on inside pages. Thus the newspaper merely tells the reader what has happened, leaving it up to his own judgment what should be considered more or less important.

At times this moral neutrality of news reporting leads to political or social consequences which the newspaper regrets editorially. In such situations, the press usually claims regretful helplessness. "We cannot suppress news just because we don't like it", they say.

Two outstanding issues that illustrate this approach were provided by McCarthyism and juvenile delinquency. Even newspapers that opposed McCarthy (and among them those that mustered the "courage" of opposing him only after his political decline—even Ed Murrow's famous broadcast "This is no time to be silent!" did not precede but followed President Eisenhower's public challenge of McCarthy!) admitted that the extensive news coverage they were giving him lent momentum to his destructive movement. Yet, they disclaimed all responsibility, maintaining it wasn't their reporting but the events themselves that created that momentum. The same alibi is used when crime and juvenile delinquency are spotlighted. While admitting that extensive reporting on juvenile excesses often contributes to their intensification, the press generally and correctly maintains that this is the price for a nation's freedom of the press.

Not too long ago, anti-semitic excesses erupted in areas as remote from each other as Germany, the Scandinavian countries and the United States. Admittedly, this chain reaction was stimulated by the extensive press coverage the individual incidents were given. In fact, the press unwittingly acted as a communication

medium among potential participants. Still, the press plausibly maintained it had no choice but to continue reporting lest it establish a deplorable precedent for self-censorship.

This admirable philosophy displays what seems to be an uncompromising professional fidelity that may be compared with the moral and professional integrity of the law counselor who remains uncompromised by the character and deeds of his client. This professional fidelity is professed so often and so loud that were it nothing but a hoax, the disappointment would be that much greater. It is one thing to catch an average man committing a fraud but another thing to catch a saint under equally compromising circumstances.

Although on numerous occasions we have explored the techniques of outright and conscious distortion in the American press, a no less professional infidelity works through subtler channels. What all the methods have in common is the reporter's or editor's "patriotic" rationalization of his function as a political propagandist, not as a "mere" reporter or commentator.

One of the most effective means of substituting propaganda for news coverage is the classification of "news value". The most extreme instances of this kind of manipulation were provided by the Soviet press under Stalin. Any news incompatible with the state's tendencies was simply "silenced out" of existence as if the event had never occurred. As far as the Soviet reader was concerned events did not occur merely because they occurred—to make them real, they needed the censor's O.K.

In a country where the entire press is under direct centralized control, it was very simple to institute such fact-sifting. What is much more surprising is the fact that a similar process was possible in the United States where thousands of newspapers and magazines are printed without any overt interference on the part of the government. What was possible in Stalin's Russia by a mere government or party directive, required in the United States the voluntary compliance of tens of thousands of people in the communication media. That, under the circumstances, censorship through denying news value to unpleasant events has achieved consistency and near

universality is truly amazing and testifies that there is more than one road to suppression of thought.

The American press has been invoking its unhampered duty to report, not without its own distinct prejudices, discriminations and manipulations. That Chinese economic and technological progress is hardly reflected in its columns is the result of a joint State Department-press responsibility. In the case of China the State Department is to a degree actually preventing the American press from making itself guilty of gross distortion. Had it agreed to an exchange of American-Chinese reporters, one may safely assume that our correspondents would be "blind" to any favorable aspect of life in the new communist country. Their reports would substantially vary from all one reads about China in the British and other foreign press. Since, however, the State Department is not ready to trust even the traditional propagandistic efficiency of most American reporters, they are prevented, in one instance, from displaying their full distorting ability.

But less hypothetical instances are available. While the situation in Cuba is being depicted, in the American press, as that of a totalitarian suppression in obvious contradiction to facts, such aspects of the Cuban revolution as constructive social, economic and educational changes are overlooked by that press that pledges to overlook nothing.

A senator's or congressman's speech receives or does not receive extensive coverage not always according to its actual news value but depending on the editor's support of its ideas. Senator Morse's congressional addresses on foreign policy are virtually taboo in many newspapers and, as far as the "well informed" American reader is concerned, they are non-existent. Newspapers that do mention the Senator's speeches usually inject into the "informative" dispatch home-made antagonistic indoctrination.

Editorializing through silence is a method widely employed on all levels of news reporting. It is exercised with equal fervor in international and domestic matters, political and economic affairs. A case in point was provided by the treatment the press has been according to the congressional investigations of the McClellan committee. The committee's chief counselor, Robert Kennedy, has been maintaining that the committee has been pursuing corruption in management as well as labor. This is undoubtedly a greatly unjustified claim. Yet, it is not totally wrong. The onesidedness of the picture that emerged from the press was not

wholly the fault of the committee—the press, by using its disclaimed right of omission, quite carefully eliminated references to management, but with unmatched enthusiasm delighted in recording each and every detail of labor union corruption.

This publication has had at least two experiences of its own worth reporting within this context. When Mr. Justice William O. Douglas of the U. S. Supreme Court delivered a most edifying lecture, *Vagrancy and Arrest on Suspicion*, at the University of New Mexico Law School, *The Washington Post* and this publication were authorized by Justice Douglas to publish excerpts of it. As the title of the lecture suggests, it covered two basic subjects. In discussing vagrancy, the Justice illuminated certain practices that actually amount to prosecuting people for the "crime" of being jobless. The other part of the lecture deplored the unconstitutional practice of arrests on mere suspicion.

The Washington Post is reputed to be a liberal newspaper. Its liberalism, however, like that of so many American "liberal" newspapers, is limited to several specific social and legislative areas only. Having a prosperous investment enterprise, the publishers of *The Washington Post* find themselves on the propertied side of the argument on most occasions when the subject has to do with economics, wages and labor. This probably explains why the excerpts it featured from Justice Douglas' lecture carefully omitted its first part and subject; they were censored out and, as far as the paper's readers were concerned, Justice Douglas never spoke up against the persecution of poor, jobless people . . .

An even "smaller" instance is indicative of censorship by omission. Who is not acquainted with the triviality of the American provincial press? Events of global importance are often dismissed with a few lines or without mention at all, while the most inconsequential local "events" make the headlines. Yet, this publication has been appearing in the circulation area of two such newspapers (joint ownership, as usual), interviewed by their reporters on four different occasions, still without making a single line in them. That *The Richmond Times Dispatch* and *The News Leader* could hardly approve of the views expressed in *The Minority of One* is no surprise to us. Nor would we consider ourselves enhanced by those papers' mention. That this criterion, however, establishes or eliminates the news worthiness of a controversial magazine is a reflection of the hypocrisy with which the American press has been claiming the duty to report, no matter what . . .

Nor is this kind of censorship through omission reserved for political considerations. Political, economic or moral objections notwithstanding, when the subject is a potential circulation builder, all the usual taboos are ignored. While the typical newspaper is ready to "silence" certain news out of existence, when it comes to crime reporting and pornography, the circulation-building criterion is overriding.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE

Three Cheers

► FOR THE UNITED AUTO WORKERS UNION for initiating an extensive medical care insurance program for its members.

► FOR THE MUNICIPAL COURT OF APPEALS in Washington, D. C., for reversing a theft conviction because the evidence used in the trial was obtained from the thief in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment's protection against unlawful search and seizure.

► FOR JUDGES EDGERTON and BAZELON of the United States Court of Appeals for questioning the wisdom and efficacy of punitive laws attempting to curb the traffic in narcotic drugs.

► FOR PROF. LINUS C. PAULING, world-famed Nobel prize winner, for challenging in court the constitutionality of the demands by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, which would, in effect, turn him into its informer on scientists circulating petitions against nuclear tests.

► FOR THE U.S. SENATE for ratifying the Antarctic Treaty, establishing its peaceful international exploration.

► FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL WILLIAM P. ROGERS for successfully urging the executives of Southern department stores to desegregate their lunch counters.

► FOR FEDERAL JUDGE BEN C. CONNALLY for ordering desegregation of the public schools in Houston, Texas, beginning in September.

► FOR THE FEDERAL CIVIL RIGHTS COMMISSION for announcing its determination to investigate complaints by Negroes in Louisiana that their voting rights have been denied them.

► FOR THE F.B.I. for investigating the circulation of unsigned election literature against Sen. Estes Kefauver in his Democratic primary contest in Tennessee against the pro-segregationist Andrew Taylor.

► FOR ERNEST MAZY, a spokesman of American union leaders touring the Soviet Union, for urging an expansion of exchange visits by American and Soviet trade unions.

► FOR LAURENCE HENRY, 26, and DION T. DIAMOND, 19, students at the Howard University, for refusing to be bailed out of prison where they were taken by the Montgomery County, Md., police for participating in desegregation demonstrations.

► FOR THE NEWLY INDEPENDENT PEOPLES OF DAHOMEY, THE NIGER REPUBLIC, UPPER VOLTA, THE IVORY COAST AND CYPRUS.

Not to report a murder or sex crime in big headlines might waste an opportunity for added sales—an inducement impossible to resist. Not to feature sexually suggestive pictures and illustrations may have the same effect. Yet, the sanctimonious, moralizing pretense may not be given up. A sly gimmick has, therefore, been devised whereby you can feature such material and still immunize your paper against accusations of anti-social influence by inserting a caption to the effect that you disapprove of the feature and print it for no reason other than to show what you are opposed to . . .

As against censorship by omission our press is also using a method that can be accurately described as word-flooding. A news item is accurately reported somewhere at the bottom of the dispatch. Such a dispatch usually consists of two parts. In the first, the reporter is not a reporter but a commentator. He gives a slanted version of the event. This is followed by a more objective account. Chances are that the reader, after having read the first part of the dispatch, has the feeling of having been sufficiently briefed and never gets around to the second, more accurate

and complete account. Or, if he goes on reading, his bias is sufficiently established by the first part so that he is quite indoctrinated prior to reading the subsequent, more authentic version.

Then, of course, there is headline manipulation which establishes a similar prejudice either in the reader for whom a headline suffices or in the reader who goes on to read the actual story after his opinion has been established by the headline.

Many and subtle are the ways in which mind manipulation can be exercised either through dumping the news or giving it slanted coverage. Outright censorship, such as practiced in totalitarian countries, is preferable to the more subtle ways in at least one respect: the citizen knows that censorship is installed, does not rely on his sources of information, develops an art of reading between the lines and wishes censorship were dispensed with. There can hardly be such a reaction to the more subtle, unadmitted censorship. The citizen lives in the delusion of having access to all the news, believing its sources to be unbiased, unaware that there is a need for change. He is a slave hypnotized into believing himself free . . .

The Accusing Ghost of Caryl Chessman

By Robert Anton Wilson

On May 2, 1960, the State of California ritually sacrificed another victim to the scowling God of Capital Punishment.

It had taken them twelve years to do it, because this victim, unlike most of the men who end their lives in death row, was an unique personality well endowed with eloquence, intelligence and determination to live. He was Caryl Chessman—San Quentin #66565—a self-diagnosed “criminal psychopath” who

The Kid Was A Killer, by Caryl Chessman. Gold Medal Books, New York, 1960. 168 pp. 35c.

taught himself law and fought his way past eight execution dates with legal maneuvers of unprecedented brilliance.

He also wrote books, and violently disturbing books they were, well calculated to get under the skin of any ordinary citizen who considered “the Criminal” to be a sub-human species completely unrelated to himself. Chessman said that “the Criminal” was not different, not alien or unearthly or possessed by demons, but a man much like yourself, and, because Chessman was an artist with words, he could make you *feel* this, with an intensity that might be painful if you were a person who had never doubted the simple goodness of your own motivations.

The newspapers and mass magazines of the country, by and large, gave Chessman an unfriendly coverage. He was challenging the institution of Capital Punishment, and many editors wouldn't know what to put on the front page half the time if there weren't an execution to be celebrated. Chessman's attempt to argue his innocence in his books (notably in the Appendix to *Trial by Ordeal*) was rather persuasive; the newspapers and mass magazines made sure that most of this evidence never reached their public. To the majority of people in America, Chessman's guilt is as indisputable as the wisdom of Eisenhower or the Divine Origin of Christianity. Most of them were glad when he was executed. “Serves the dirty rapist right,” they said, defending Sound Moral Principles.

Caryl Chessman died with quiet dignity—“without animal fear and without bravado,” as he said he would. He left behind a letter to the American people, asserting again his absolute innocence of the rape-kidnappings for which he was executed, and also quashing a burgeoning “Chessman fan club” among some shady intellectuals: “I regard myself as neither hero nor martyr,” he wrote tersely. “On the contrary, I am a confessed fool who is keenly aware of the nature and quality of the folly of his earlier rebellious years.”

Caryl Chessman always said that he wanted to, and felt himself capable of, making a serious contribution to our understanding of the “psychopathic personality.” In *Cell 2455, Death Row*, he told the grisly story of the deformation of his own character into the psychopathic mold, and gave us some compelling insights into the thinking and feeling of such a personality. He made obvious what many of us had long suspected: that the “psychopath” is not nearly as far removed from the rest of us as many psychiatrists think.

It might be well to pause here a moment and clarify our terminology. Most laymen, even those with a nodding acquaintance with psychiatry, tend to confuse “psychopath” with “psychotic,” or to think that a “psychopath” is just a “neurotic” on the borderline of becoming “psychotic.” Actually, the distinctions are quite sharp. A neurotic has a fairly undamaged perception of reality, but is unable to accept his role in society: most of his aggressions are turned inward against himself, and generally only come out against others in sneaky and covert forms. A psychotic has a badly damaged perception of reality, lives in complicated delusions and hallucinations, and may turn his aggressions, inward or outward. A psychopath has a very clear perception of reality, and simply unleashes upon the world the aggressions which neurotics turn inward on themselves and psychotics convert into fantasy and hallucinations.

The psychopath is often a most charming and likeable person—until you stand in his way. Norman Mailer has pointed out that the hipsters are in some ways very similar to psycho-

paths. Many scandalous novels of recent years are about psychopaths who hold high positions in our society and who can generally be recognized by the reader through artfully placed hints: recall the T.V. entertainer in *The Great Man*, the sponsor in *The Hucksters*, the General in *A Bell for Adano*, the Governor in *All The King's Men*, the movie producer in *The Big Knife*, etc. To a great extent, current mass culture (beliefs, values, etc.) has been imposed upon the public by these psychopaths.

Most psychiatrists say that the psychopath lacks *affect*, or has “a weak Super-ego” (conscience), or just doesn't “feel” as ordinary people do. There is even a large minority opinion holding that psychopaths are “just born that way”.

Dr. Robert Lindner, who had more success in treating psychopaths than the average psychiatrist, dissented from all these theories. He felt that the psychopath was, in the title of one of his books, a *Rebel Without A Cause*—a person who injured by society turns against it, but without a constructive socially-ameliorative program—“an agitator without a slogan.”

Caryl Chessman has left us one more legacy to add to his last letter—a new book published (ironically) on the day of his execution. This book, *The Kid Was A Killer*, says more, in my opinion, about the genesis and nature of the psychopath than anything else I have ever read, with the possible exception of a few pages in Wilhelm Reich.

Chessman's analysis is basically Reichian. The Kid—he is never given any other name—does not lack affect, or feeling, or a Super-ego. He is not “born that way.” He very simply has *armored* himself against feelings, because he has been hurt too much by the world. A sadistic father starts the process of hurting and armoring: beating the Kid constantly, accusing the Kid of homosexuality when he shows normal human feelings of tenderness, and telling him repeatedly: “You gotta be able to take it” (page 45). Then a terrible thing happens: the Kid's long-tormented mother murders his father right before his eyes. The mother is sent to prison and the Kid to a state “home” where discipline is of the Teutonic variety and sadism comes with breakfast in the morning. The Kid begins internalizing his father's philosophy: “There were times when you did have to be able to take it, when you stood up and hurled defiance into the teeth of the cosmos.” (page 61)... The Kid's mother dies in prison: “Far into the night he cried and prayed, and the other kids made fun of his tears and prayers, as they often had before. ‘Old cry baby's at it again,’ one of them said. The others snickered . . . His sobs grew louder. The night attendant told him to shut up. He did. He bottled up his feelings.” (page 60).

The Kid begins to learn the secret of “taking it”—i.e., killing one's own emotional life. “Being free was what counted, free even of love if love were a smothering thing, an Achilles heel, if it brought only suffering and pain.” (page 61)

This is a far cry from the “emotionless,” “inborn” psychopathy. This is an alive, feeling human child trying to learn to cope with pain by becoming emotionally armored.

Now, however, comes the great irony of the book. Having given us his own insider's view on how psychopathic criminality is born, Caryl Chessman pulls a trick on us—a trick with quite a moral to it. The Kid takes “hate and guile as his friends” (page 62) as Chessman himself talks of his “fanatic friend, Hate” in *Cell 2455, Death Row*—but the Kid does not become a hardened criminal! Instead, the Korean War comes along, and the Kid—with his armored personality, holding back the normal emotions and only allowing hate and guile to express themselves—becomes a military hero and wins a pile of medals. This is where the “killing” is done that the reader has been waiting for. Our culture, which creates the psychopathic killer, nowadays can use him as well.

After the war, the Kid drifts into the prize-fighting game, where his hate and guile again serve him well. Finally, in a rather unconvincing but dramatic conclusion, the Kid becomes aware of the emotional wasteland of his life and deliberately allows himself to be killed by a sneaky punch by the Champion.

For a Liberal Catholic Church

By Rev. Clarence E. Duffy

As well as differing from the Roman Catholic Church on the matters of compulsory celibacy of the secular clergy, the domination and control of the universal Church of Jesus Christ by the Vatican in Rome, worker-priests, and the participation by the laity (of both sexes) in a vernacular Liturgy and in parochial and other ecclesiastical financial responsibility and administration, the **Catholic Church of the North-American Rite** differs also from Roman Catholicism in the following matters:

It CONDEMNS and is unalterably opposed to military conscription, modern warfare, the manufacture and use (including testing) of nuclear weapons, the "cold war" and everything associated with it, including Civil Defense drills and alerts, totalitarianism in all its forms, the political and economic system known as Communism, and *laissez-faire*, or uncontrolled capitalism, capital punishment.

It APPROVES and will promote by every means in its power PEACE among all states and people, political and economic systems based on principles of justice and charity, complete separation of church and state, full freedom of conscience, of speech and of worship.

While the official attitude of the Roman Catholic hierarchy towards the regime in mainland China is identical with that of the government of the U.S.A., the **Catholic Church of the North-American Rite** advocates recognition of the government of mainland China, not only in the interests of world peace but for the promotion of Christianity and of the brotherhood of men under the Fatherhood of God.

It advocates and will work for a **unified, neutral, demilitarized Germany**, and a **neutral, demilitarized Central European Zone** em-

bracing not only a free Germany but all the other Eastern European nations now under Russian domination. It advocates and will work for the simultaneous withdrawal of all foreign troops and military installations to the countries of their origin, and the submission and adjudication of all international disputes to and by a reconstituted U.N. organization which will include all the nations of the world, none of whom will have power of veto, and all of whom shall have voting power (three fourths of the total votes being required for validity) according to the number of their population.

The **Catholic Church of the North-American Rite** is diametrically opposed to **apartheid** in the U.S.A. as well as in South Africa. It recognizes the brotherhood of all men through Jesus Christ under the common Fatherhood of God from whom every human being, regardless of color or circumstance, derives his or her human rights.

While it will give, and advocate the giving "to Caesar the things that are Caesar's", it will expose and oppose the unlawful and unchristian inroads and demands by the increasingly voracious, omniscient, omnipotent and deified state upon the individual and his God-given rights.

The issues referred to above and many others are more fully dealt with in **SHOWDOWN** and in **THE LAST CALL** (both by Rev. Clarence E. Duffy). The former will soon be published (Price \$1). The latter can not be published until finances are available. Both

are, or will be obtainable through the **Society of Saint Dymphna**, 906 Columbus Ave., New York 25, N. Y.

The Priest of Truth

A Catholic priest, the Rev. Clarence E. Duffy, is an illuminating personification of the truism that man's mind, no matter how chained and coerced from the outside, commands the brilliance of rational and humane self-assertion. His intellectual rebellion against the mother-church, in whose fold his life and public career were molded, is a guide post into the future for so many whose fidelity to their religion has been clashing with the self-negating demands of the Vatican tradition and hierarchy.

Rev. Duffy's rebellion is not in the category of arm-chair reflection; with all its intellectual incisiveness and integrity it is actionist in nature. The ideas of Catholic Priest Duffy are briefly reviewed in his accompanying contribution. What is not mentioned in it is the sacrificial life, accepted with humility and joy, that Rev. Duffy is leading in the City of New York. He maintains a non-racial and non-sectarian Spanish-American Center which is organizing a Consumers Cooperative, a Maternity Guild to help mothers and to dispense information on natural birth control, recreational and educational clubs for young people and a summer camp. All this in addition to his literary work and speeches, including semi-weekly discussions in New York's famed Union Square.

Rev. Duffy's thoughts on **THE MINORITY OF ONE** were expressed in these words: "I want to congratulate you on your courage and your stand on the various matters dealt with in the articles and editorials." And, since in the case of Rev. Duffy thoughts inevitably lead to deeds, as of late he has found himself crusading for **THE MINORITY OF ONE** in his Union Square addresses.

To the Pious Man we wish to say: "More strength to you, Priest of Truth! May your mind and deed show the path to millions of misled and misguided!"

He has realized that his armoring has stifled all of the living things inside him and that he has become a hollow shell, and he cannot bear to go on living that way.

To the fight crowd, the Kid becomes a hero, a symbol; and Chessman makes his point with savage irony: "In an age so fear-ridden, so full of doubt that it can feel secure only by creating awesome weapons too destructively stupefying to imagine, it is no surprise that such an age would create an equally awesome 'psychopathic personality' whose attributes should appear, as well as clinically tragic to a few of us, symbolically desirable to many of us." (page 167)

Wilhelm Reich wrote a long time ago in *The Function of the Orgasm*, and *The Mass Psychology of Fascism* that the "armored personality" is becoming epidemic in our civilization. People are bottled-up, tense, ashamed of their sexual feelings, embarrassed by their tender feelings. They admire only "toughness," and follow any leader who seems to offer them an outlet for their unconscious rage against the culture which has imposed this armoring on them. Since Reich wrote, the armorings of individuals and of nations both have grown thicker and more conspicuous, and unconscious rage is the only explanation

of the insane rapidity with which we are pouring radioactive poison into the food of the world. Chessman's novel, as the case history of an armored individual who became a hero to countless thousands who are trying desperately to become equally armored, serves as an interesting document to demonstrate Reich's thesis. It is tragic to reflect that just when Chessman was beginning to understand these things and to do something about them, the State of California murdered him.

Chessman had learned to challenge his inner rage away from irrational crimes against society, into rational criticisms of society—but the State of California killed him. Chessman proved his growing ethical sense by volunteering to become a subject for research in a cancer laboratory—but the State of California killed him. Chessman has left us an imperishable testament to his own emergence out of psychopathy, in his last letter, where he pleads not for his own life but for "other men living out their last days on death row"—but the State of California killed him.

Perhaps Chessman's death, even more than his writings, will force society to look at itself and ask if all the psychopathy is in the professional criminals.

SHADOW OVER AMERICA

By Mary Hays Weik

III

Tule Lake in Northern California was the second McCarran camp I visited. To Japanese-Americans the name Tule Lake is a painful reminder of a period they would very much like to forget, if they could; for just outside the town, to the south, stood the huge "Nisei" detention camps where 20,000 West Coast Japanese-American citizens—men, women and children uprooted from their homes—were imprisoned by our Government, and theirs, during World War II.

I had been assured by a West Coast minister I had met in another state—a man who had done volunteer social work at Tule Lake Camp during the War—that all of the prison housing had been torn down after the war, with the exception of a small section converted to migrant labor use. As my bus rolled into town, I was surprised therefore to see on the high ground visible to the right of the main highway from the south, an extensive colony of new wooden barracks, their roofs sprouting with rows of new metal ventilator pipes, gleaming in the bright California sun.

I reached Tule Lake the day California's duck-hunting season opened. The town was overflowing with cars of every color of license-plates. Tule Lake is something of a paradise for duck hunters. When I saw it first, its surface was alive and fluttering with birds. All the hotel restaurants and bars were crowded with newly arrived hunters. By sheer luck, I found the one hotel room left in town.

Taxis there were none. But a friendly gas station man advised me to go down to a big supermarket by the station and ask one of the girls at the soda fountain for a lift in a car going to "Newell"—the present name of the camp's location. The town of Tule Lake is a friendly place. Fifteen minutes after I had made the request, I was on my way to Newell.

A winding country road takes you up from the highway to the camp site. Back from the road stands the mongrel lot of broken-down shacks where the itinerant labor colony lives. A few hundred feet away is a general store such as you see at any sizable trailer camp. This one was made from the old Officers' Club of World War II days, when troops were stationed here to guard the Nisei camp. Today's store is patronized mainly by the inhabitants of the labor colony, migrant Mexican and American families, Negro and white, who work long hours on the

Part II

The first installment of Mary Hays Weik's account of her visit to American camps for administrative detention appeared in the August, 1954 issue of THE MINORITY OF ONE.

We trust that the deplorable phenomenon of concentration camps on American soil will move our readers to protest against their existence in letters to Senators and Congressmen and to the editors of newspapers.

The McCarran camps must disappear from American soil if we really aspire to freedom and democracy!

—Ed.

potato fields that spread around the town.

Some of the workers ride in Cadillacs that have seen better days, some in big open trucks, others in old Model-T Fords with pasteboard filling in the holes in the cracked glass windows. The gay and friendly Mexican girls light up the somber crowd with their bright dresses and scarves of green and cerise and blue and orange. The Indian workers live separately from the rest—in a cluster of grimy tents across the highway—on the site of what was once the headquarters of "Captain Jack's War" of the Modoc tribe in the 1870's.

The dust was blowing the day I arrived, hanging like a layer of soft gray cotton, a few feet above the earth, around the horizon as far as you could see. The faces of the field workers, the men and women who came into the little store for groceries, were crusted with the black soil, their nostrils were black with it. Though it was only 10 in the morning, it "was blowing so bad" they had had to stop work for the day. Some of them were boys and girls, ranging from 8 to 15—bright, sturdy youngsters who told me proudly they worked right along with the men from 7 in the morning to 6 at night. One little boy said he sometimes made as much as \$11 a week.

The broad ranches of the Tule Lake country are much of them "made land"—fertile acreage left behind when a large section of the marshy basin of Tule Lake (which is being progressively drained, for the settlers' benefit—and to the duck hunters' disgust!) was drained away after the war, leaving level stretches of deep black soil reputed to rank next to the bottomlands of the Nile in richness. These new lands were then offered by the U. S. Government in a nation-wide "public drawing." The drawing held for the new land brought in new settlers from all over the country—among them many G.I.'s who have done well with the farms they acquired.

A variety of fine crops are grown in the black soil—all irrigated of course.

Potatoes and onions grown on a vast scale are the big money-makers. It is when the potatoes—the "spuds," as everyone calls them here—are dug up in the Fall, to be shipped off to market or storage—clawed out of the ground by traveling machine diggers, to be caught up and sorted and gathered into 200-pound burlap bags by straggling lines of men, women and children that follow the machines, bent over, dragging the heavy cloth bags of potatoes between their knees—that the loosened black dirt is picked up and scattered by the wind, and the "dust moves in."

I arrived just as the dust had spoiled another day's pay. The workers were not in a happy mood. They were not buying much, just standing around. The storekeeper had time to talk. He remembered the Japanese: he spoke in a kindly way of those who had lived in the camp, recalling the recent visit of a former prisoner to his store—a Japanese florist in Seattle before the war, who had stopped in recently to see the campsite. From him the storekeeper had learned that the white wooden cross on the hill across the highway, a fragment of which—hacked away now by schoolboys' knives and rifle target practice—I could still see standing at the summit of the rocky height he pointed out, had been made by the Japanese Christians in the prison wood-working shop, and set up, by permission of the prison authorities, atop the hill where they could see it from their outdoor Sunday services.

"They used to kneel right out there," he told me, pointing to a low wall running along the dusty field outside the store, "Praying, looking up at that cross they made. Of course there were soldiers watching them all the time, with their rifles and machine-guns trained on them. There was a wire fence then about 15 feet beyond, which was out of bounds. Anybody that went beyond it, knew he'd be shot."

Machine guns. In the cheery little country store, bright with canned goods and children's toys and the latest in

AMERICA

kiss-proof lipsticks, it sounded like a story out of a distant and fantastic past. Even the fieldstone walls he pointed out to me, standing in the sun, crumbling and neglected, looked for all the world as if they had been built a couple of centuries ago. So quickly can an injustice fade from sight and a people's conscience.

A short-order cook, an unpleasant character in the little cafe in town where I ate a country breakfast of fried mush and ham, remembered the camp too when the Japanese were there. "Of course they only kept the quiet, well-behaved ones there," he told me. "The tough babies that turned up among them—the ones who wouldn't do what they were told—were shipped inland"—somewhere in the Dakotas, he thought. He had helped load some of them into freight cars for the trip. "Was it a job!" he recalled, "Why, it was like loading steers for market—you could hardly budge 'em. They bellowed like steers. Didn't seem to want to go..."

Between the little country store at Newell and the fenced-in treeless plain where the bleak new McCarran colony of barracks stands empty today, is an impressive new brick school of modern design. The fence around the prison camp almost touches one wall of the school, incongruously. On the hill across the dirt road to the north, stands a wooden guard tower, left over from World War II days.

A high, barbed-wire fence circles the expanse of new wooden barracks—built, some local reports have it, by prisoners from San Quentin; according to others, by prisoners from McNeil Island in Washington. The prison workmen stayed, it was said, for about a year, long enough to set up the buildings and make them weathertight. Then they all moved out, back to the institutions they had come from. The barracks stand locked-up and empty now, except for a staff of caretakers who remain. Beside the high gate at the entrance stands a fine big wooded sign, telling the world in neatly painted black on white that this is part of the U. S. Federal Bureau of Prisons.

Nobody loiters around the entrance. The people who drive past step on the gas and never even turn their heads to look. The big gate is locked, and what is inside is nobody's business.

IV

If one word could be used accurately to describe all the McCarran camps I saw, that word would certainly be "bleak." Whoever chose their sites would seem to have picked them with

a Spartan taste. They are located in remote, inaccessible spots—many of them to be reached only by car or bus, on a rare and difficult schedule. They stand for the most part on bare and disconsolate landscapes, denuded of any shrubs or trees. By day, as far as you can see, the harsh sunlight glares on hard and dusty ground; and by night the cold light of the moon, peering between the rows of little barracks, is equally forbidding, equally grim.

The City of Phoenix lies almost equidistant between the two McCarran camps in Arizona—with Wickenburg almost 50 miles to the northwest, and Florence, a few miles closer, to the southeast. I saw Wickenburg first.

Once Wickenburg was a real cattle town, with cowboys and Indians and a stagecoach trail bringing travelers in from the East. But it is just for the tourists and the birds now. Seeing its quiet little Main Street today, lined with sleepy "Round-Up Cafes" and Indian souvenir stores for tourists, you would never guess how much bloody history had been made hereabouts in pioneer days. A sign by the road tells of the "Wickenburg Massacre" where a stagecoach was ambuscaded by Apaches, and five men and a woman killed. Over the low roof of the gas station which stands cat-a-corner to the bus stop can be seen the leafy branches of the old "Jail Tree," still hale and hearty, where captured bandits were once brought to be hung, for a spectacle and a warning. But that was a long time ago.

If you are economy-minded today, you can sleep at a little hotel a block off Main Street for \$2 a night on a "regular" mattress (\$2.25 for a mattress with springs. I was reckless—and tired—and took the springs.) The walls of the hotel's tiny lobby will be gaudy with bar-room paintings and lit with colored lights; and if the bell-button on the desk is pushed, the grumpy proprietor, with a thick German-Polish accent, will appear at any hour of the day or night, with a railroadman's cap jammed over one eye which he must wear even in bed.

If you survive the night on your \$2 mattress, a drive of several miles over a sandy road next morning will take you out to the Government reservation outside of town where the newly built prison camp stands. The townspeople will tell you little about it. They prefer to point out one of the several dude ranches located in the desolate stretches of dry land and sagebrush not far away—such as the ranch which J. B. Priestley is said to frequent at times, and where he is said to have written two of his books. Why Mr. Priestley should ever have chosen such a spot is something of a mystery, and why American visitors to these ranches pay \$13 to \$28 a day for a room, remains another. But he did, it seems; and—from the somewhat self-conscious

group I observed sunning themselves on a rocky terrace—they still do!

The McCarran camp at Wickenburg stands on what was once an air-training base. The story of its reconditioning was typical of all the rest. About 200 federal prisoners, I was told, had been moved in to do the job—fellows in for the "lighter crimes" such as income-tax evasion (In California I was told of imprisoned "C.O.'s—conscientious objectors to military service—who, when they learned what the camps were being built for, had refused to work on the job.) After a year or so spent in getting the new camp quarters into shape (said to be the best-equipped of any of the six), the prisoners had been moved out again, leaving caretakers and watchmen in charge. Now the gates are locked and the entrance shielded from sight.

Waiting for the bus that night, in a little cafe near the bus station, I talked with a friendly young woman who tended the bubbling coffee urns and the hamburger grills behind the counter. She had little to say about the camps beyond town, shrugging a mildly disapproving shoulder at "such things," but was eager to talk about the Dream House she and her husband, a veteran of World War II, were piling up their savings to build someday. From the informal living quarters apparent behind the gay chintz curtain at her elbow, a child's curly head bobbed out now and then; and once a crash of glass sent her racing back to the rescue. She reappeared smiling unhappily; "Another bottle! He breaks a dozen a week on that cement floor!" She sighed wistfully: "Just wait till I have that dream house. Every room will have wall-to-wall rugs an inch deep!"

The town of Florence, on the other side of Phoenix, is franker in admitting the presence of its prison camp. But then Florence has been a prison town for years, and such things are a commonplace to the natives. Its big State Prison is something of a showpiece, with old-fashioned buildings set in ornately planted lawns and graveled paths that would date it as built in Lizzie Borden's time if Arizona were not so young a state.

I soon learned that relatives of state prison inmates work all over town. At any one of the local gas stations your car may be serviced by a prisoner's brother or son. The little cafes and restaurants are full of mothers and sisters and wives and girl-friends, working long hours as waitresses, cooks, and dish-washers to be near someone who "is in for a spell." Everybody knows about it but it is seldom mentioned. The townspeople handle it with great tact. I arrived on a "visiting day." The town was full of out-of-town cars, and the cafes and soda fountains were running short of help, but no one seemed to complain. At the restaurant, I heard

friendly inquiries from the tables about the health of the ones visited; saw tears in the eyes of a handsome waitress at gifts of fruit and homemade jelly brought in to be "passed along."

It is a town where few formalities are observed when a man or woman applies for a job. Employers have learned that the fewer questions are asked, the more loyal and efficient help they are likely to get.—Quite a contrast to the unhealthy situation I ran across in the newly built "atom city" of Richmond, Washington, where employees of the great Hanford atomic installations live. Originally government owned and built, and run by General Electric under a giant defense contract, the pretty little town has grown up under strict security rules, with every clerk in every grocery, drugstore and 10-cent store in town put through careful security screening before being hired. It is a startling fact that when the decision was made some time ago to turn the town of Hanford back to private ownership, many of the proprietors of the town's little stores were found strongly in favor of retaining the screening process as a standard prelude to employment—on the grounds that the knowledge thus gained of their employees' past life provided a helpful background for future reference . . .

Florence, Arizona is a neat, self-respecting town, with clean, bright streets bordered with big mesquite and palm trees. Most of the houses are of modest size, but here and there an old house built on a grander scale, with rusting wrought-iron balconies and front doors of solid mahogany—and often one wall of crumbling adobe—show that some of the early settlers dreamed of bigger things. Against the dust-blurred mountains a dark, winding row of trees shows where the Gila River passes the town. But like every other stream in the region, the Gila is bone-dry now, and the dust from its rocky bed drifts on the hot breeze.

Once the section around Florence was vegetable-growing country; but the farmers turned to cotton when they found they could get their money back faster with that kind of crop. They are proud around Florence today of the fine quality cotton the country produces, with a long silky fiber said to rival Egypt's best. At harvest time the fields are silvery white with it, till the busy crews of pickers—more often nowadays, the curious gas-driven cotton-picking machines of flimsy metal (looking for all the world like one of Rube Goldberg's contraptions) which came in when good hand-pickers got to making as much as \$15 a day—move in and pick the plants clean, leaving only the bushy stalks behind, with a few lone tufts of white that the pickers missed waving forlornly in the breeze. All along the road a drifting fuzz of white blows hither and yon, like summer snow, dropped from an endless

train of high-piled basket trucks of cotton on their way to local gins. The country roads are full of cars of traveling workers, piled high with their families and household goods—with men on foot too, with a dusty pack on a stick or a soiled blanket-roll slung over one shoulder.

These migrant crowds of labor, willing to work for little, descend on the town in "cotton chopping" season, to hoe the weeds from between the rows of young plants, and later on again at harvest time. Negro and Mexican labor do most of the hand work—which, since the mechanical pickers have taken over, consists mostly in "picking over" the fields after the machine has passed. That human labor should be spent on retrieving such puny losses, is fair evidence of how small are the wages paid.

Since a high proportion of the cotton labor consists of soft-spoken, friendly Mexicans, and Government efforts have been vigorous of late to prevent illegal border crossing, it is not strange that a large part of the local prison population are "wetback" Mexicans—illegal entrants from across the border, here hardly a hundred miles away, picked up in one of the many periodic raids. Here again another evidence of the town's broad philosophy is to be found: In a relaxed group of young Mexicans and Americans, smoking and laughing together at the little bus station, it is hard to tell which is prisoner or guard. There is little bad feeling on either side; for as anyone in town will tell you, no matter how many times you put a wetback in jail or send him home, in a couple of weeks he'll be right back working in the fields!

They are used to all kinds of labor on the farms around Florence. During the Forties when the big prisoner-of-war camp was going, south of town—holding at its peak, I was told, more than 17,000 prisoners, and with 6,000 to 8,000 at the war's end—Florence went through a boom growth. First, Japanese *nisei* came, then they were scattered in camps further inland. Then came great numbers of captured Italian and German soldiers. When Italy quit the war, the Italians left town; but thousands of Germans remained. The German prisoners were anxious to work and save money. The farmers found them industrious workers, excellent at cotton picking; and many left at the end of the war with a lot of money. Many wanted to stay in Florence, and wept when they had to leave.

After the war, the prison camp was turned into an institution for the feeble-minded—adults, youths, and babies, who stayed for a while. Then a few years ago, they were moved out; and the familiar cycle began: prison labor was brought in to rebuild the camp for federal use, remained for about a year to finish it, then went away.

Parts of the old wartime camp can still be seen today. It is amazing what

wind, weather and a desert sun can do, left undisturbed for a few years. Whole blocks of the old wooden barracks have fallen flat on their faces—the walls collapsed, the tarpaulin roofs spread flat on the ground. In a country that saw not a single bombing, where a hostile plane never once flew overhead, without the burst of a single shell, they have fallen like a house of cards. Great piles of rusting metal pipes and plumbing parts, stacked aimlessly here and there about the yards, salvaged once and now forgotten, testify to the senseless waste of wars. A dismantled swimming-pool which once was used by the camp staff; the shell of an old gas-station; a little chapel built by the prisoners, with carved rococo Italian columns set in the narrow windows. The only original building still in use is the big laundry which once served a prison community of many thousands. Later it was converted to commercial use to serve laundry customers all over the county.

The rebuilt group of barracks for the McCarran camp stands empty and somewhat apart, backed by a big garbage disposal plant, and surrounded by a high barbed-wire fence, cornered by lofty wooden guard towers, freshly repainted—left over from prisoner-of-war days when men with rifles kept a 24-hour watch atop and searchlights lit the dusty fields by night. The towers are ready for such use again. In curious contrast, the little prison camp adjoining, where income tax evaders and Mexican wetbacks are housed, (*) shows little signs of any guards at all.

When I asked Florence residents what they thought the empty rebuilt camp was being put in order for, they had little to say. One said with a touch of local pride that some folks said that Alcatraz was going to be moved there. That, I gathered, would put little Florence in the big time.

South of Florence, travel becomes informal and timetables anybody's guess. In some of the little stations, signs now were bilingual—restrooms were marked *Women (Mujeres)* and *Men (Hombres)*. The big Greyhound bus became a shabby little local bus, dwindled in turn to a rickety station-wagon, shuttling between desert terminals. Five or six passengers were crowded intimately on the station-wagons' three cross-seats. My seatmate was a sharp-eyed fellow of 30 or so, in a city suit that could only be described as snazzy, with a wide black felt hat, and light tan leather gloves which even the blistering heat could not make him

*This is the section whose population is reported in yearly Prison Bureau reports of the Florence "prison camp." No prisoners, since the construction gangs left, have been reported at El Reno, Wickenburg, Avon Park or Tule Lake. Only the camp at Allenwood seems to be in active use today, with a population averaging about 150, to which of recent years pacifist "conscientious objectors" have been sent, along with narcotic addicts, sex offenders, etc.

remove. In a hard voice he informed me that he had just finished an 18-month term at the State Prison and was on his way home to Phoenix (although he seemed headed in the opposite direction). As we drove by a swank desert country-club on a green oasis of spacious grounds, the driver remarked it cost more than a thousand dollars a year to be a member of *that*. My seatmate in the yellow gloves cast the place a lingering and loving glance, as if he were filing it away for future reference.

V

Avon Park lies not quite halfway between Tampa and Palm Beach, if you lay a bias line across the state of Florida. It is a typical inland resort town of the quieter type, whose citizens, many of them elderly tourists who have wintered here since the memory of man, live comfortably today and shop in Hollywood drugstores, but still remember, with a twinge, the bitter depression days when many people in town lost all they owned. Much of the business section today is still in the hands of the family of a doctor (now dead) who acquired in these same depression days most of the real estate the others lost.

Avon Park is frankly conservative and has prospered at it in a modest way. No beach stuff or bathing girls. Tree-shaded hotels for quiet, well-to-do clients, where no one comes out to rock on the porch until 3 in the afternoon. Shuffleboard courts for older tourists all over town. A very respectable place, guaranteed not to disturb a heartbeat or upset the most sensitive soul.

Local industry, however, there is; although discreetly placed well out of the center of town, where a big citrus packing plant provides most of the less prosperous natives with employment. Bought years ago by a visiting Italian-American from the North, it has mushroomed into a substantial enterprise—a moneymaker for its owners. The women workers who sort and pack the fruit, however, have an unpredictable work week; when the price of oranges goes up, the plant opens up and work begins—when the price drops, the plant closes down, and Avon Park's oranges and grapefruit fall to the ground and rot ungathered—until prices go up once more and the owners decide it is worth opening up the plant again. Up and down; open and closed; a paycheck this week, none the next. . . . For some of the citizens of Avon Park, life is not quite as safe and secure as it is for others.

A short ride took me out to the Government reservation where the Avon Park prison camp is located; but there was no getting inside. The public is not admitted to the area. The federal government owns several hundred acres here—known locally as the "bummin' range" (bombing range) because the

U. S. Air Force used it as a practice target. Formerly an army base, it contained until a few years ago, I learned, a mass of mouldy and dilapidated barracks, with the roofs fallen in on the floor, where enlisted men had once lived during World War II; with the remains of a block of officers' barracks, more substantially built. The familiar process then began: a company of prisoners, this time from a Georgia federal prison, came in and rebuilt the officers' block of barracks. Then, their job completed, they returned to the Georgia prison. Today about 75 soldiers live on the range, and everybody else stays well outside.

The little hotel where I stayed that night was comfortable, clean, and courteously run. Breakfast next morning in the coffee-shop downstairs brought a snowy pile of the inevitable grits, banked against the freshest of eggs and bacon. Beside me a garrulous motorist from Georgia discoursed (doubtless for my benefit) on the perils of life in Toombes County, Georgia, near where he lived—where strangers, he said, were regarded by certain "mean" families as fair prey for robbery, assault and murder. With gusto he told me of the arrest of one of these "mean" families, when drunk, by a Toombes County policeman, and how the family returned later, sober, and put the whole police force in jail—and have never been arrested since.

It seemed to be an old story and the Florida people at the counter paid little attention to it. The new block of barracks out on the government reservation—that seemed of little interest to them too. But the tourist trade—ah, that was the big question! How was it going to stack up this year? Boy, it had better be good!

VI

I woke in the cool of early morning in the mountains of northeast Pennsylvania, in that magic hour when most people are still asleep, to a scene like a Japanese print—long grey exquisite lines of mountains floating in purple mist.

The trip had been strenuous. I had left Pittsburgh the night before, changed at a sleepy station in the middle of the night, landed in Williamsport before dawn, and taken another bus that dumped me off at a little gas station in the middle of nowhere. The village was called Dewart, and the gas station was just opening up for the day. I could smell coffee and pancakes cooking on the range in the back. It sent me across the frosty road to a diner full of farmers and truck drivers, for some coffee of my own.

Diners are always reassuring, wherever you find them. I studied a map and the funny Indian names of the towns—Punxsutawney, Mauch Chunk—while I listened to the talk. They were talking in a friendly way of the young

German wife of the farmer down the road, who had been a G.I. in the war and brought her back to America with him, a few years ago. The fact that she "remembered war ever since she was 11" seemed to have brought the realities of war close to the people of the town. She could not, I heard them say, recall a real home. All the houses she had lived in in Germany had been bombed out from her. Her man here didn't really have money enough for a house. But she wanted one so badly, she went right in and helped him build it. She worked right along with her husband. Nobody here had ever seen a woman do that: she had helped on the foundations and roof and everything. As soon as the basement was finished, she had insisted on moving in—"It was the first home she ever had of her very own and she wanted to live in it right away!"

I had a second cup of coffee, and the farmer beside me, when I asked about directions, offered to drive me where I was going, since he had to deliver some eggs nearby. We went out to his truck, which was covered with a season's mud but started with a healthy roar. He shoved some bags of feed off the seat to make room for me, and we were off.

There is not much to Dewart except the highway that runs through the town, and even that is of fairly recent building. Allenwood, across the river, is even smaller, but it used to be on the main highway. But when the road was rebuilt during the war, the main road was routed across the river through Dewart, and to get to Allenwood now, where the McCarran camp is, you have to leave the highway and cross a bridge to Allenwood on the other side.

You pass few people on the road. No one in Dewart or Allenwood today would take the trouble to hunt up the prison camp. They couldn't get in if they wanted to—and they show no evidence of wanting to. Not only is the public strictly kept out, but even the entrance to the camp grounds is so hidden that it can hardly be seen when passing. During the second World War, it was the site of a wartime ordnance plant where explosives were made. After the war, this was closed up. Then a few years ago, the old pattern began—"trusties" from Lewisburg Penitentiary nearby were moved in to set up the new barracks, stayed a year or so, finished them, moved on . . .

Nothing can be seen from the wooded road now where townspeople drive by at a fast clip. The long shadow of White Deer Mountain falls across the fields as it has for centuries; and the Susquehanna, loveliest of rivers, flows silently, a swallow's flight away.

When I took the bus out of Dewart that afternoon, I had come to the end of my trip. I had seen them all, all six of them. It was like a dream I had awakened from, that still darkened the sun.

The Imbalance of Terror

Henry A. Kissinger, the brilliant Associate Director of the Harvard Center for International Affairs and author of *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, has published, in the July issue of *FOREIGN AFFAIRS*, an article entitled *Inspection and Surprise Attack* whose complexity is matched by nothing but its own contradictions. Yet in spite of these contradictions, the article is an important contribution to basic thought on nuclear weapon inspection and surprise attack prevention.

Kissinger argues that disarmament, and especially nuclear disarmament, would not only not contribute to international stability but might even provoke the nuclear strike it was intended to prevent. "Complete elimination of stockpiles of weapons and of retaliatory forces," says Kissinger, "would have a built-in incentive for evasion. In case of complete nuclear disarmament even 50 hidden weapons would confer a perhaps overwhelming superiority." Even such a relatively small stockpile of nuclear bombs in the hands of a potential aggressor could be sufficiently decisive to induce him to use them against his disarmed opponent.

Kissinger's argument, therefore, is that peace is served by "multiplying the number of missiles and dispersing them." A relatively high number of missiles in the possession of each opponent, along with mobile dispersment, would render the retaliatory force invulnerable to total surprise destruction. A potential aggressor, knowing that his attack would certainly provoke effective retaliatory blows, would be sufficiently deterred. This strategic reliance would be supported by something Kissinger chooses to call "positive evidence" inspection in which each party would eagerly display his missile forces and capabilities to the international inspectors in order to avert any opponent's miscalculation as to his retaliatory ability.

This truly original idea typifies the peculiar "balance of terror" logic whose misguided thinking is as novel and revolutionary as atomic fission itself.

Mr. Kissinger makes no claim for his scheme's leading to a safe world, nor even necessarily averting a nuclear holocaust. But, he argues, it will "make certain that war, if it does start, is the result of a deliberate decision and is not produced because the opponents, in taking measures which they deem to be defensive, push the other side into an attack in self-defense." In this nuclear age war can start because of the instant readiness of missile forces. This readiness could lead one party to believe himself threatened by an imminent attack, thus causing him to launch a pre-emptive war. The "trigger" could be the crash of one of our bombers on a training mission with the resulting explosion of its hydrogen bomb; the malfunction of a nuclear-powered rocket attempting to place a satellite into space but landing on

the opponent's territory; the outbreak of a limited war that would be mistaken for the beginning of an all-out showdown.

To prevent such fatal eventualities Kissinger suggests, among others, "the establishment of a communications system to enable the leaders of both countries to communicate instantaneously."

While Kissinger is deeply disturbed by the possibility of an accidental outbreak of war, it seems rather naive to suggest that a retaliatory blow could be prevented merely by having one head of government pick up the telephone and tell another head of government that the nuclear attack that just preceded their conversation was not intentional.

What is more disturbing about Kissinger's complex suggestions is the iron-like logic that finds no alternative to a balance-of-terror relationship between the two greatest powers. Kissinger correctly maintains that disarmament is no solution. Even if the main powers agreed on disarmament, there would be no guarantee that immediately thereafter a new arms race would not begin.

Indeed, disarmament alone would not make the world safer for any length of time. No matter how completely each side disarmed, both could still mobilize relative physical forces for a showdown. While the encounter between two weak enemies would be less devastating than the encounter between two strong ones, it would still be possible. Moreover, with present scientific knowledge and industrial capacity, full industrial and technological mobilization would be just a matter of time.

The fallacy of Kissinger's method lies in his total disinclination to visualize international relations in which national security would not have to rely on physical strength. He seems to conceive of nations as wild, untamable animals set on killing each other no matter what. Only fear, he reasons, can deter them from jumping at each other's throats. Such a pessimistic view has no warrant even in the bloody history of mankind. Men do not fight without reasons. True, the reasons may be ill-conceived but they are still present each time one man threatens another man's life.

Disarmament unaccompanied by political solutions of international sources of irritation would solve little. If disarmament is nevertheless a fatefully important issue it is so primarily because well armed parties are not inclined to negotiate sincerely. If they even suspect that an opponent equals them in physical strength they look for that one additional advantage that will tip the scales of war. Strong and formidable athletes take on each other in full mutual respect but also in the confidence that finally they will possess the trick, the strategy or the training to ensure victory.

The situation in the Formosa Strait remains a perilous international irritant not because no just political solution can be devised but because the presence of our formidable 7th Fleet can be relied on as a substitute for such a solution. Europe is divided into two camps of military vassals, not because no other situation can prevail there, but because the Red Army and the NATO forces can be relied on by the respective centers of power as substitutes for a political solution. In our day and age, military might is more than a physical safeguard for a nation's policies; it has also become a self-propelling political factor.

Since disarmament without accompanying political solutions would be meaningless, there is no danger of such a discrepancy ever occurring. It is totally unthinkable that disarmament negotiations could be conducted successfully while all other diplomatic negotiations failed. Disarmament will be possible only when the antagonists are ready to indulge in a sincere give-and-take accommodation of political problems. There is an important corollary to this truth. Determined pressure for disarmament might force the quarrelling governments to seek the solution of outstanding international problems through diplomatic means. It is precisely because of this inter-relationship between disarmament and a diplomatic accommodation that the peace movement is so important, with so great a prospect for success. Depriving governments of arms could force them to seek political rather than military solutions. Once governments are compelled to rely only on political solutions, the most complex international problems will be relatively easy to solve.

Achieving this kind of peace—no utopia but at least a peace without major international irritants—will deprive governments of reasons to start the arming cycle all over again.

As soon as disarmament is realized, certain prevailing artificial situations will crumble. China, allowed to exercise her sovereignty over her natural geographic entity, will no longer live in perpetual and justifiable fear of foreign invasion. She will turn her full energies toward her paramount domestic ambition of reforming her society. The Soviet Union, no longer encircled by a system of hostile military bases, will no longer insist on maintaining a bumper zone between herself and the West through her allies in the Warsaw Pact. Even Germany could be reunited without prejudicing her social system if adequate safeguards were provided to prevent the resurrection of her militarism.

It would be over-optimistic to envisage such an international situation as approaching utopia. There would still be conflicts, antagonisms and competitions. The only thing that would be eliminated, at least for a relatively prolonged period, would be the immediate reasons for a global conflagration. But given such a breathing period, individual nations could arrange their internal lives in a way that would eliminate the influence of war-profiteering circles. Mankind might even

The "Fatalism" of War

The average citizen's conception of the state apparatus is so impersonal that he often loses sight of the human element involved, rather seeing it as a kind of perpetuum mobile, a grandiose machinery moved by mysterious, uncontrollable forces that have nothing to do with the deliberate will of individuals. War, for instance, is often conceived by him as something that "just happens". When he hears his leaders say that under certain circumstances war might become inevitable, he accepts that inevitability as a fatalistic, historic compulsion that could not be altered by any man's or men's will. What escapes him is the deliberate implication giving an opponent "notice" that under such and such circumstances the leaders of the country will meet and *decide* to wage war. He even talks about "accidental" wars as if war were possible without a government's decision to wage it.

Of course, a government may be highly

become sane enough to truly devise an effective alternative to war for settling inter-society grievances.

The "balance of terror" is a myth. Enduring peace cannot be maintained through fear. Nor can the solution of acute international problems be permanently deferred by military pressures. No balance is permanent. Eventually something has got to give. In military terms, this means the spark that starts the conflagration. No fire can be put out by pouring oil on it and no peace can be preserved by preparing for war. Unfortunately, our national leaders have been teaching us the wrong lesson since Munich. The concessions to Hitler in Munich did not cause World War II, as we are so often told. What caused it was international indulgence towards the militarization of Germany. Our tolerance of that militarization was meant to encourage war, not prevent it. The only thing we didn't count on was that that war would also be aimed against us. Otherwise, we had no objections to it.

In fact, there is a close resemblance between the West's policies towards Germany at the time of signing the Versailles Treaty and those we presently pursue towards China. The concessions to Germany in Munich were of the wrong kind and came too late. Had we considered Germany's legitimate interests in the days of the Weimar Republic, Adolf Hitler need have never been heard from. But the negation of vital and legitimate German interests finally confronted us with insatiable, illegitimate demands. Similarly, our negation of China's rights to the off-shore islands and Formosa causes repercussions not only in Laos and Korea but even in areas as remote from China as the Middle East.

Peace sought through military means, whether we call it "the balance of terror" or a "position of strength," is a delusion.

provoked into *deciding* in favor of war, but still without a human *decision* to this effect war could never break out.

While the impersonal conception of the state's decision-making procedure is made possible by the average citizen's remoteness from the gigantic state structure, it originates with the government's psychological preconditioning of the citizenry. If the citizen regarded the government as a deliberative body whose decisions are not absolutely predetermined, the government would be open to increased pressures from him. Accepting government's freedom to decide for or against war, he might make a deliberate effort to limit that freedom. This is why a government is interested in posing as some kind of compulsive agent of mysterious historical forces.

The fatalistic philosophy in oriental religions provided a similar freedom of action for the political and economic rulers. Except in their case freedom of action became, in most instances, the freedom to take no action; thus the most needed social reforms were frustrated by the mere passiveness of a fatalistic population.

Both in the history books and in the press, the outbreak of war is usually referred to in the passive: we say "war broke out". Active verbs are reserved for our deliberate attempts to place the responsibility for war on the enemy. The Japanese "started" a war, but as far as we are concerned, war "broke" out or just came upon us. Yet, even if the responsibility for a particular war can be placed squarely on one antagonist, the defense of the other party would still require a governmental *decision* to that effect. So, actually instead of saying "war broke out" we should say "we *decided* to wage war" or at the very least "we *decided* to engage in war under the gravest provocation."

The "war broke out" concept reveals an extreme of deterministic interpretation that belongs to no philosophical school. Historical determinism does not deal with fatalistic events that occur without the interference of human will and moral choice. Much rather it takes notice of the role of the human will while attempting to explore its preconditions. It does not assume the possibility of events occurring without decisions but rather explains the underlying reasons for a particular decision.

The gap between the "war broke out" concept and any indeterministic philosophy is even wider; the two are completely contradictory.

The democratic ideology is inseparably tied to the theory of man's at least partly free will and moral choice. Less presumptuous than the Communists, we do not discuss categorical imperatives in history. We do not claim for our ideals the validity of physical and chemical laws. While the Communists regard progress as a compelling historic motion that carries the

willing or reluctant individual along with it, to us it is the product of man's intelligent will. This difference between communistic determinism and our own indeterminism is often construed to reflect the moral superiority of our ideology. It is often invoked as evidence of our humanistic concepts versus the cold, stock-taking moral neutrality of "historic compulsions".

The smallest degree of consistency should keep us from fatalistically contending that "war broke out." Rather, belief in the philosophical tenets of democracy should make us emphasize the will-decision element in any historic event, including that of war. The prevailing inconsistency, however, is a deliberate expedient of our actual decision makers: by ignoring the will-decision element, they gain freedom of action.

War is not the only decision a government makes or refrains from making; all of us are aware of many actions deliberately undertaken or abstained from by a government. Still, the average citizen's failure to detect governmental interference in many fields of life exhibits an amazing naivete. He will explain a morally unacceptable course of the government as a blunder or shortsightedness but least of all as a deliberate policy intended to produce the actual consequences.

Such lack of perception often displays a good natured innocence; the average citizen obviously takes no pleasure in questioning the good intent of his government. Many more Americans would, for instance, be inclined to conceive of our Government's China policy as ineptness and error rather than deliberate opposition to the political and economic self-assertion of the long exploited Chinese. Similarly, more people would conceive of the cultural policy of our Government as non-existent rather than recognize the existence of a deliberate policy by default.

One who tends to ascribe deliberate intentions to each governmental action that is obviously contrary to public interest will often be accused of undue suspiciousness. In actuality, the reluctance to hold a government responsible for dubious intentions and the inclination to construe its misdeeds as unconscious blunders display a lack of elementary knowledge of decision making procedures within a government.

A great part, and in certain departments the vast majority, of government personnel is employed in gathering data, speculating on eventualities and blueprinting policies for all conceivable situations. Of course, a government does not work in a vacuum and the range of its decisions is limited by domestic factors as well as by international circumstances. Few of its decisions, however, result from stupidity, ignorance or unawareness except when such stupidity, ignorance or unawareness actually motivate its programs and goals.

From READERS' LETTERS

REBUFFING REP. REECE

Congratulations to THE MINORITY OF ONE for your courageous stand on the question of Fair Play for Cuba, and with respect to the allegations of the distinguished representative from Tennessee. We shall certainly make mention of it in the Fair Play publication.

Let me thank you, also, for the good work which you have been doing in behalf of the cause of fair play. Your editorials have proved a very good response for us; many of those who write to the Committee tell us that they first read about us in THE MINORITY OF ONE, and for this we are indebted to you.

New York, N. Y.

ROBERT TABER,
Executive Secretary,
Fair Play For Cuba Committee.

ON SALK VACCINE

One of our subscribers has sent us a copy of your June issue containing the Salk vaccine piece. It is excellent, the most comprehensive and factual article ever done, it seems to me. May we have your permission to reproduce, giving proper credit to your publication of course? HERALD OF HEALTH reaches 8,000 homes each month and it is perhaps the most "unorthodox" of several "health magazines."

Enclosed is my subscription together with a contribution. I commend you for your integrity and consider it a duty to lend a hand to your continued uninterrupted publication.

"War Is Possible" and "What Are We Doing to Ourselves?" were terrific!

San Francisco, Calif.

DON C. MATCHAN, Editor,
Herald of Health Publishing Company.

PRaise FOR ROBERT ANTON WILSON

Dear Mr. Wilson:

As corresponding Secretary of the Citizens Association for the Care of Animals, I am writing to you in the name of the Association and in behalf of my husband and myself individually, to express our heartfelt gratitude for your splendid article on the "Tennessee Walking Horses," in the August issue of THE MINORITY OF ONE.

Mr. Wakefield and I were much interested in the fact that you are a Humanist. We call ourselves Humanists, also; and my Grandfather, Robert G. Ingersoll, was one of the pioneers of this movement.

I am sending you one of his letters on the subject of vivisection, which, I trust, you will consider full of true sentiment rather than sentimentality.

We feel confident that a humane-minded person such as yourself cannot fail to abhor all cruelty to helpless creatures, human and animal. Unfortunately, there are too many maudlin sentimentalists in the humane and anti-vivisection movement. But it surely is not fair to judge the unassailable moral principle of anti-cruelty and compassion by them.

I have followed your suggestion and have written to the American Horse Shows Association, Inc. However, I regret that by some inadvertence, you omitted the address of the Association in your article. That address is: 40 East 54th St., New York 22, N. Y.

It is, assuredly, reason for rejoicing that the tortured Tennessee Walking Horses have found a champion in you, Mr. Wilson.

New York, N. Y.
EVA INGERSOLL WAKEFIELD,
(Mrs. Sherman D. Wakefield).

COUNTERACTING JADED JOURNALISM . . .

Your excellent article, "The Reversal to Candor" (August issue), made a deep impression on everyone I know who has read it—including myself. In perception and prophecy it is so far ahead of anything to be found in our political science journals that their editors must be having their heads in shame. I also very much liked the Beatnik "confessions" by Jeanne S. Bagby and the fine statement by the New York high-school boy, Roger Schneler. More people than I must be glad to see the life and courage and hope you are bringing back into our Jaded American Journalism.

New York, N. Y.

MARY WEIK.

WHERE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IS PRATED . . .

I have read the issues of your magazine with great interest and applaud the effort you are making in this great country where "freedom of the press" is so widely prated about in our dailies. The first requirement of freedom of the press is that the profit element be eliminated.

Your stories about the degeneration of the German people during the Nazi regime are very distressing.

I hope you can keep up your good work. I am enclosing a check for a subscription for myself and my son who spent a year in prison for non-registration for the draft.

Rochester, N. Y.

LLOYD SOMERS

(Mr. SOMERS served on the American Friends Service Commission of the American Quakers.)

"I WILL STAY WITH YOU!"

So far you have been right down my alley. I trust that you can survive. As long as I survive—I am now 74—I will stay with you.

Iowa City, Iowa

E. A. EATON.

ANYONE TO FOLLOW HIS EXAMPLE?

I have just finished reading my introductory copy of THE MINORITY OF ONE. Being a cautious spender, it is the first magazine I have ever subscribed to after reading only one sample issue. To give you an index of how I liked it, I sent the article "Individual Conscience and State Crime" to Dr. Lowell H. Coate, Editor of the "American Rationalist"; I called the attention of the New York American Civil Liberties Union—of which I am a member—to the article "Vagrancy and Arrest on Suspicion" by Justice Wm. O. Douglas; the article "Pray for Peace" I sent to Paul Krassner, Editor of the free-thought REALIST; "The Cost of Truth" and "What Is Really Happening in Cuba?" moved me to write to The Fair Play For Cuba Committee offering assistance in their program. By this time there wasn't much left except the front and back covers and the subscription blank, so I figured "what the hell!" and I tore that out too and I am enclosing it to enter my subscription. It was the May 1960 issue you sent me and two articles particularly convinced me (the monetarily conservative me) to take this "hasty" action. They were: "Individual Conscience and State Crime" and Congressman Byron L. Johnson's "Toward a More Positive Peace Program," which I sent to another friend of mine.

I have to agree with Wm. Robert Miller, Managing Editor of the Fellowship of Reconciliation's monthly that "you manage to make (your publication) a good deal more attractive in appearance than one would have the right to expect" from a one-man organization, and with Nicholas N. Cherniavsky who wrote "It is like seeing my own, sometimes up to that moment unshared, thoughts suddenly appear in print in front of me." And, in my own words: In your field you almost out-independent THE INDEPENDENT.

I have started a personal campaign to get you new subscribers. In this respect, good luck to both of us!

Rockaway Beach, N. Y.

STEVE FARR.

ECHOES FROM "THE INDEPENDENT"

Lyle Stuart in the August issue of his THE INDEPENDENT tells about you and your project. Also our daughter in Miami, Fla. told us about it. We would like our subscription to begin with the first issue.

Harrisburg, Pa.

MR. & MRS. SILVANUS RODEN.

You may blame the write-up in the August issue of THE INDEPENDENT for this subscription.

Libertyville, Ill.

OSCAR FLOYD.

I got the idea that Lyle Stuart of THE INDEPENDENT approves of your THE MINORITY OF ONE. This is good enough for me.

The best of everything is my wish for you even though the odds are against you.

Covina, Calif.

EVELYN MORRICAL.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The numerous subscriptions that poured in in response to Mr. Lyle Stuart's generous piece on THE MINORITY OF ONE in the August issue of THE INDEPENDENT add to our anxiety to express our deepest appreciation and thanks to him.)

FROM A MOTHER WHO PAID FOR THE COLD WAR

Your personal note in the June issue should move many. Our older son was a Cold War casualty in his B-50 in England. As a pacifist, humanistic Unitarian, I help support most of the peace organizations.

You have suffered much and have survived without bitterness. You are contributing to clearer thinking by all who read your stimulating presentations.

Nowa City, Iowa.

MRS. ELIZA M. STANNARD.

PRaising THE N. Y. POST

I read THE MINORITY OF ONE with the most intense interest and enjoyment, for it appears truly to be a magazine for the liberal intelligentsia (a word which does not seem to be too popular lately!).

There are a few things I would like to comment on. First, you discuss the scarcity of truly liberal publications in America. I submit that the NEW YORK POST must be considered a liberal newspaper in every sense. I do not think the POST is hypocritical in any of its stands. The large section "From Readers' Letters" was particularly exciting in view of the fact that the opposing points of view were well represented—in themselves they stand as indictments of the absurd values which society has placed on things.

"Best Wishes to South Africa" was a masterpiece, although I must admit that I don't agree entirely with your contention that the U. S. will only object to the Union's race policies when the latter becomes a threat to our world superiority. There are questions of conscience involved, and the pressure on South Africa is growing day by day: even now South Africa has been completely ostracized by all nations, and this isolation, it is hoped, will impress upon South Africa the feeling of the world's people.

Jersey City, N. J. ALLAN E. FINEBERG

NOT A FUTILE PAMPHLET

I read the last issue of your magazine with great joy as each article further removed my doubts of "just another futile pamphlet", and it is most encouraging to see your kind of effort when one is feeling the overwhelming despair of continued nuclear activity, the Chessman case, etc. etc.

Much good luck with the magazine and with your work!

New York, N. Y. MARGARET RANDALL
(MARGARET RANDALL is a young poetess of high achievement.)

READING WITH A SENSE OF IDENTIFICATION . . .

I should like to express my appreciation of the emphasis on humanitarian ideals in your magazine rather than the narrow chauvinistic conceptions, which appear to me to be epitomized everywhere.

I regard your beliefs, so eruditely expressed, as a symbol of my own personal convictions.

W. Hollywood, Calif. (Mrs.) JUDITH FABIAN

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES AND THE U.N.

I have just read with deep appreciation a marked copy of THE MINORITY OF ONE which was sent by my friend, Congressman Byron Johnson. Of course, we want to become subscribers.

As vice-chairman of the Pamona Valley Chapter of the American Association for the United Nations I have been asked to gather data for a study on the attitude of our presidential candidates towards the United Nations. How much do they believe in the U.N.? Have they shown an understanding of the new concept of "U.N. presence" as now applied in the Congo by the Secretary-General?

I was born in China, and worked there for 20 years in the Y.M.C.A. I am a retired Presbyterian minister. We both are members of the Claremont Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends.

Claremont, Calif. EGBERT M. HAYES.

ARE WE LULLED INTO A WAR?

I was honored to receive a letter from as busy and dedicated a person as yourself. From my limited view a voice as yours is the last, if not the only, chance to let our fellow citizens know how close war really is. Let us hope that an exposure of our leaders' propaganda and an account of what really may be happening behind the curtain of diplomacy may prevent a Third World War if enough people are made aware of the events.

Though by now the following may be old news to you, still the information will be passed on. Last Friday a memorandum was distributed by our Government to warn civil service employees of the imminence of a nuclear attack. It outlined methods for a nationwide post-attack registration of federal employees, and distributed what could serve for an ID card.

I am a civil and structural engineer who at the present is employed to design flood control structures in this area. Under this condition I consider myself under a greater obligation to assist your purpose than if working for myself.

Since the enclosed assistance is not large, may I also help with a few ideas which already may have crossed your mind? Why not set a price for each copy, print it on a prominent spot, and make an effort to have the magazine distributed also from newsstands? Should you so decide, I shall be glad to contact local ones.

If your need for immediate funds is vital to continue, might it be possible to sell life memberships? Or are you so afraid of the power of advertisers to dictate policy that you consider it impractical to accept advertising until the paper is solvent?

Tulsa, Okla.

OTTO L. HEMPHILL.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Copies of THE MINORITY OF ONE are sold at newsstands in Washington, D. C. and New York City and those copies do have the single copy price printed on them. Newsstand distribution in additional localities, could solve our financial problem. As to advertising, we are pledged not to accept it because we do not believe a publication can retain its full independence and integrity once it grows financially dependent on commercial sponsors. Life membership is, of course, a good idea, and we do accept it leaving the extent of contribution involved up to the supporting subscriber.)

"A SOCIAL MEDICINE"

I am a volunteer worker in a social agency, and I would like your permission to reproduce the article "What Can I Do?—The Voluntary Slaves" from the January 1960 issue.

One dose of this type of medicine, I feel, would do a great deal to help us in our work. Your pamphlet would do away with all other tiresome, prejudiced and badly written similar material.

My own pet search for Truth is in connection with the fallout. I firmly believe we are being deceived, and are paying already the price for our ignorance. I have certain items testifying that the alleged results of tests as publicly announced are not conclusive proof of the damage to human beings. Do we have to wait until the babies are born badly maimed in order to be convinced?

Middlebury, Conn. ERNESTINE PEIRCEY.

FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT

I desire to encourage anyone who displays such courage, conviction and faith in the freedom of the human spirit as you do. I am happy to know that there is a growing number of people beginning to see the handwriting on the wall. Let's hope, pray and work, in the niche we find ourselves in, to stave off the ultimate catastrophe. You are certainly doing your part.
Denver, Colo. MILDRED E. MOWE

LET'S LEARN TO THINK

I hope the enclosure will help to keep alive your marvelous publication. It is about time the American people learned to read, think and speak on all sides of any question.
Worcester, Mass. MRS. ELMER T. NILSON

HOW TO RECONCILE?

The August issue was really great. Your reply to Rep. Reece was courageous and apt. Being a minister of a fringe sect, I am always interested in learning about religious and political evils, corruption and hypocrisy in status quo Christian religions—Protestant, Catholic, etc. Having been a prisoner in the so-called Christian country of Germany and for numerous other reasons, you should be able to write on the subject. For example, why did the German Church(es) cooperate with Hitler? I for one would like you to expound on the matter whenever you can. You will lose no subscriber who likes the truth.
Mount Union, Pa.

Rev. LLOYD SHANK

"SEND IT WITHOUT CESSATION"

Your publication compares with THE INDEPENDENT, I. F. STONE'S WEEKLY and the lamented IN FACT, and in certain respects is superior to any of them. Please, send it to me without cessation. Enclosed is the first earnest of my sincerity.
OWEN EDWIN FREEMAN, JR.

New York, N. Y.

ERRATA

Three mistakes that "seeped in" into the August issue and warrant correction:

In the article "The Gauntlet Is Cast" a reference was made to the three foreign oil companies that had been operating in Cuba as Esso, Texaco and Shell, while it should have been Esso, Texaco and Sinclair.

In the column "The Way We See It" ("U-2, RB-47, and What Next?") reference was made to the Antarctic as the vicinity in which the RB-47 was flying, while, obviously, the Arctic Ocean was meant.

In the column "Of What I Am Ashamed" the item referring to Lyndon B. Johnson should have read:

OF vice-presidential candidate Lyndon B. Johnson for contending that ADA's (Americans for Democratic Action—and not AMA's) support would make him feel "uncomfortable".

To Perpetuate a "Miracle"

Each new issue of THE MINORITY OF ONE is the result of a "miracle" after many days of anxiety during which its publication seems impossible. Each issue is made possible by the sacrifices of individuals who, without personally knowing each other, are bound by bonds of devotion to humane principles. There are also other "miracles": a collected insurance settlement from a car accident that occurred some years ago, an authorship fee for a technical book written for a manufacturing corporation, a severely compromised personal income—these are some of the "miraculous" substitutes for commercial advertising on which the usual magazine relies.

Yet, while relying on "miracles", intuitively we know that they will keep happening. And, as they happen, they bring us ever closer to the state of solvency on which the survival of this publication ultimately depends. These "miracles" will keep happening as expressions of enthusiasm and devotion from so many of our readers who will not let this forum be strangled.

We know that our appeals do not fall on deaf ears and that the continued generous support of our readers will sustain this venture until it becomes self-supporting. This generosity, however, imposes upon us a moral limitation and we pledge ourselves not to abuse it; we shall make such appeals only as long as they will be indispensable to meet the printer's bill, postage and similarly essential expenses.

There are several ways in which our moral supporters can help us most effectively. The first is by making immediate cash available to us. The entering of gift subscriptions gives us, in addition to the desperately needed cash, increased circulation and introduces us to an ever growing circle of supporters and enthusiasts. There is an additional way of helping this magazine.

At present THE MINORITY OF ONE is sold at newsstands in Washington, D.C. and in the borough of Manhattan in New York City. It is vital for us to gain newsstand distribution also in other areas. But distributors are often reluctant to take on a new publication that has not been proved to have mass appeal. Such newsstand distributors need to be convinced that there is a demand for THE MINORITY OF ONE. This you can do by contacting distributors in your community and expressing your interest in this publication. In doing this you will not only help its continuance but also make our message reach thousands of additional people.

Our optimism that THE MINORITY OF ONE will endure derives from reliance on "miracles", not the ones that "just happen", but the ones that you are making true. The causes this publication serves will be sustained by your proving right our optimism and reliance on you.

THE MINORITY OF ONE carries no specific political message. Its name derives from its purpose—to contribute to the individual's intellectual self-assertion. You and I are the minorities of one, if only we do not fear our thoughts. Our thoughts may collide, or they may coincide or complement each other, but even then let us each remain a minority of one. If you lend us support on this, no matter how many of our specific views you may dissent from, we believe you to be our friend.

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Of What I Am Ashamed:

► OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S memorandum to the Inter-American Peace Committee, reiterating once more the fairy tale of Cuba turning into a "dictatorial political state" with control "concentrated in the hands of the Communist Party."

► OF THE DEMOCRATIC AND REPUBLICAN LEADERS in the Senate for their perfidious treatment of civil rights legislation during the reconvened August session.

► OF THE COLD-WARRING, ARMAMENT-INCREASING planks in both the Democratic and the Republican platforms.

► OF SENATOR JOHN J. SPARKMAN's reassurances to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek that a Democratic President would not change America's foreign policy.

► OF FRANCIS CARDINAL SPELLMAN, Archbishop of New York, for delivering inflammatory, war-mongering speeches during his recent visit to West Germany.

► OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF HEALTH for awarding to drug producers contracts promoting unscrupulous profiteering, as criticized by the General Accounting Office.

► OF THE IMMIGRATION AND NATURALIZATION SERVICE for ordering an alleged foreign-born Communist, Mrs. June Gordon, 59, deported from the country.

► OF SENATOR OLIN D. JOHNSON for calling on the Justice Department to apologize for investigating two South Carolina counties alleged to have deprived Negroes of their rights to register and vote.

► OF PRESIDENTIAL ASPIRANT RICHARD M. NIXON's perfidy in adopting peace slogans in his election campaign intended, among others, to give an even greater boost to the cold war and the weapons industry.

► OF PRESIDENTIAL ASPIRANT JOHN F. KENNEDY for his sweeping endorsement of all F.B.I. activities under the politically minded J. Edgar Hoover.

► OF THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT for splurging \$147 million on unnecessary housing at military installations, as complained about by the General Accounting Office.

► OF THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION COMMITTEE headed by Henry J. TePaske of Orange City, La., for its demagogic and hysterical report aimed at increasing witch hunts in America by wailing about alleged Chinese Communist penetration in Cuba, the installation of Soviet radar to keep Cape Canaveral under surveillance, and the imminent seizure of the Panama Canal.

► OF MAJ. GENERAL JOHN B. MEDARIS, former head of the Army's missile command, for his "promotion" from the military branch of the power elite to the Industrial Empire branch in the capacity of president and director of the Lionel Corporation.

► and, CONGRATULATIONS to our Great National Hero, Five-Star General and President of the United States ("The President of Peace"), Dwight D. Eisenhower on the occasion of his adding to his hobbies of golfing, resting, and golfing, and resting—also that of LOBSTERING. Good lobstering, Mr. President. We like like and lobsters too...

organization of outstanding international personalities known for their integrity could be constituted, relying on nothing but its great moral authority. While it would be easier for any government to refuse cooperation with such a private international agency, by doing so it would invite world-wide suspicion for opposing independent, objective inquiry. By denying visas to members of the fact-finding teams and refusing access to evidence, a government might effectively prevent the agency from establishing the true facts. It could do so, however, only at the pain of having the agency publish a report on the reasons that prevented it from gathering data on the incident. Such a procedural report would be widely construed as an indication of where the guilt lay.

Whether the fact-finding agency was officially endorsed by the main powers or merely constituted a private body, it would also have an extremely significant non-political effect. In this era of mind manipulation, when the very mental balance of whole nations is tampered with by political leaders, it would provide saner standards of judgment. Deprived of reliable news reporting, depending on the services of mass media that substitute propaganda for information, the citizen finds himself confused on innumerable issues and is practically deprived of any warning signals of how remote from reality his conceptions are. Since his confusion is shared by practically all who surround him, he has no way of finding out how neurotic his judgment is. Conformistic pressures counteract the inclination to form independent, individual opinion, especially when it lacks information to be nourished by. The reports of the international fact-finding agency would provide a priceless opportunity for the citizen to confront his mind with authoritatively established facts. It would in this way save people's minds from the all too common political insanity that afflicts a greater portion of mankind than all other illnesses combined.

With all the logic behind this plan, one cannot claim for it built-in safeguards against deteriorating into a political instrument shrewdly misused by one party or another. The United Nations and the Security Council themselves have all too often suffered from such tragic deterioration of character. Yet, the idea is at least worth a trial. Even if successful, it could not become an overwhelming factor for preserving peace. But this obviously limited scope of the plan might even contribute to its acceptability to the international antagonists.

Unfortunately, the main problems on which peace hinges cannot be solved by imaginativeness in designing international peace-serving procedures. Only a true desire for peace on the part of the cold war participants can promote fruitful and effective international negotiations. Yet, the establishment of pacifying procedures may contribute to peace by making aggressive policies less effective. Certainly, no effort would be too great to produce even the smallest contribution to peace.

The Policy of Lying

(Continued from Page 3)

to be limited to no more than addressing its fact-finding reports to the Security Council. The reports themselves would have to be made public as soon as they became available.

The agency would have to be granted access to all physical evidence and witnesses irrelevant of their geographic location. The denial of such access by one government or another would strongly imply that that government was hiding unfavorable evidence. Refusal to cooperate would amount to a self-indictment.

A further tenet of the agency would deprive it of all authority to decide which cases to investigate. It would have to respond to each demand for investigation

by any government. Such compulsory obligation would deprive national governments of the traditional argument that mere investigation of charges against them might constitute a stigmatization (among others, this argument was invoked to prevent the consideration of the charges of using gas in Korea).

While the reluctance to agree on setting up such an agency would quite stigmatize any government and cast doubts on its motives, it is possible that, relying on its ability to devise propagandistic rationalizations, it would accept the risks of stigmatization rather than give up the tool of lying. This in itself would not necessarily doom the project even though it would impair its success.

Should the creation of an official fact-finding agency prove impossible, a private